

Contributions

NEW YORK NOTES

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A few Sundays ago wife and I went down to the Five Points House of Industry on Worth Street. It is an institution founded in 1850 by a preacher "with the design of providing shelter and employment for the poor at the Five Points." It is just across the little park enclosed by the five points or corners formed by streets, from the Five Points Mission. At first the House of Industry was for abandoned women who were plentiful in that community and who might desire to quit their lives of sin. But soon it took up also the care of children. It now receives women who want situations as servants and gives them shelter until they find employment and in return the women do the work about the home. It provides a temporary home for orphans or for those whose parents are too poor or too worthless to provide for them. It provides a cheap boarding school for children whose parents can only partially support them. And children whose parents are sick are cared for until the parents are well. It also provides an Infirmary and Free Dispensary for all ages.

Its running expenses are one hundred dollars a day. And when you see so many free institutions as one sees here he wonders where all the money comes from. Well, there are lots of rich people in New York and the beauty of it is that not all of them find their joy in spending money on dress, golf, horses, automobiles, etc. Some of them, and one is assured by the multitude of free institutions that they are not few, find the blessing which Jesus said should come to those who give.

Well, we entered a substantial brick building five stories high and sat down in chairs in the chapel. In front of us rose a platform with inclined floor. In the middle of it a large pipe organ. And rising tier above tier upon it hundreds of small chairs. Soon we heard the singing of children's voices far away but drawing nearer. Here they come two by two singing as they come. They march up and take their places. Still they come, singing all the while. They keep coming until over three hundred (340 I think) stand in their places. And they all behaved beautifully, an unusual thing in such New York children, by the way. Then for an hour we listened to them sing and recite. Their songs were the old standard songs that never die. Some of the quite difficult anthems were also sung, which most people would declare children could not learn. They recited the Sunday school lesson, each taking a verse. All recited the Apostles creed and several had a short recitation. When I remembered that a new program is rendered every Sunday afternoon I wondered how it was done. But when I learned that they have a Doctor of Music as their musical director whom they pay about \$2000

a year and consecrated teachers, I understood.

We followed them in to supper. It was a sight to see about three hundred and fifty children standing around tables in one room eating bread and milk. In an upper room we saw 40 "wee tots" at supper by themselves. It was all very instructive. It cannot be but that with such Bible instruction some impressions are made which will bear fruit. If parents in the family circle would take half as much pains to train their own children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord as these people do to train some body else's child, what a mighty influence for good would be pouring out on the world from these millions of so called Christian homes!

AN AMERICAN CHINA

In going down to the Five Points we walked up Mott street, which is the China quarter. And in ten minutes we saw more of China in the aggregate than it has ever been our privilege before. The street was full of them. I had always supposed all Chinamen looked alike until I saw so many of them together. It was a cold day, but as usual each Chinaman wore his shirt outside his pants, just as tho it were haying time. In fact it was harvest time for the Chinese stores which were open and running at full blast. I asked a policeman what it meant that so many were to be seen. He replied that on Sunday the Chinese from all the towns about New York come in to do their trading, those that have stores to buy stock and others to do their household buying. I saw a few dressed as Americans, but most of them had the Chinese costume, the ill-fitting trousers and loose blouse which looks to Americans from its length and shape like a shirt. Chinese have no overcoats in their national wardrobe. In cold weather they simply put on another "shirt." There were fat Chinese and lean Chinese, large and small, tall and short, bearded and beardless, old and young all kinds except women. I suppose they were inside.

Here they have their restaurants and stores and temples. Some day I want to visit them. These impressions were received by merely walking thru the streets. They are a peculiar people and if they would adopt modern methods in the Laundry they would soon push American laundries out of existence. They have been called "the Yankees of the East," and the only thing that prevents their out-Yankeeing the Yankee in his own country is their adherence to old methods.

SOME PECULIAR THINGS

The things here which strike a Westerner as peculiar are so many that I have not been able to think of them all at once. The first peculiarity of the people which struck me on arriving was that the people all talked as tho there was not such a letter as *r* in the alphabet. As yet I have found no explanation. Again, most of them pronounce words end-

ing in *a* as tho they ended in *r*. Thus *idea* is pronounced as tho it were *idear*, *arena* as tho *arenar* etc. They seem to be first cousins to the Englishman who said *'en* when he should have said *hen* and *hend* when he meant *end*. So it isn't the proverbial Dutchman who must be taken as he means and not as he says.

There are no alleys in the blocks so far as I have observed. Hence, all the garbage cans and ash cans must either sit out on the front side of the house or you must find a place for them inside. These cans, as you may imagine, make very beautiful ornaments to the front porch, or the sidewalk before your house.

Another new thing under the sun to me was the Delicatessen stores. When we first came I went to a butcher shop for some ready cooked meat. I was told they did not keep it, but I could get it at the Delicatessen a few doors above. Well, what was a Delicatessen was more than I knew. However, I remembered that one of my old school teachers had said, "When you don't understand ask questions." By the way, very good advice, even if it does make you appear like an ignoramus sometimes. So I found out that a Delicatessen was a store or shop where cooked meats and all kinds of goods ready prepared to eat are sold. I suspect from the look of the word that it was, like a good many other things one sees today, "made in Germany."

WHERE ANDRE WAS SHOT

Last Sunday I supplied a pulpit up in northern New Jersey. As it was only two miles from Tappan, New York, the town where Andre was taken into custody and shot as a spy, my host and I walked up to see the monument where he was shot and where he lay buried until removed to Westminster Abbey London. All of you doubtless remember that it was Andre who had been sent by the British General in command of the British Army at New York in the Revolutionary War to negotiate a secret arrangement with Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point, of which Arnold was in command. He had met Arnold and the plans were all made and Andre was returning to New York. Near Tarrytown and near Tappan also he was arrested by three American soldiers. They searched him, found the papers, took him to Tappan. He was kept in the old tavern there, which is standing today. It is a saloon now, called "the '76 House." I'm told a ball and chain is exhibited therein said to be the very one which Andre wore while confined there. I suppose many a nickel drops into the till of the saloon because of this scheme to draw trade. In this town stands the first church, or rather one on the site occupied by the first church, ever built in America. It is Dutch Reformed. They were practicing Christmas music when we were there.

Well, Andre was tried by court martial condemned as a spy and sentenced to be shot. Up on a hill occupied by the Ameri-